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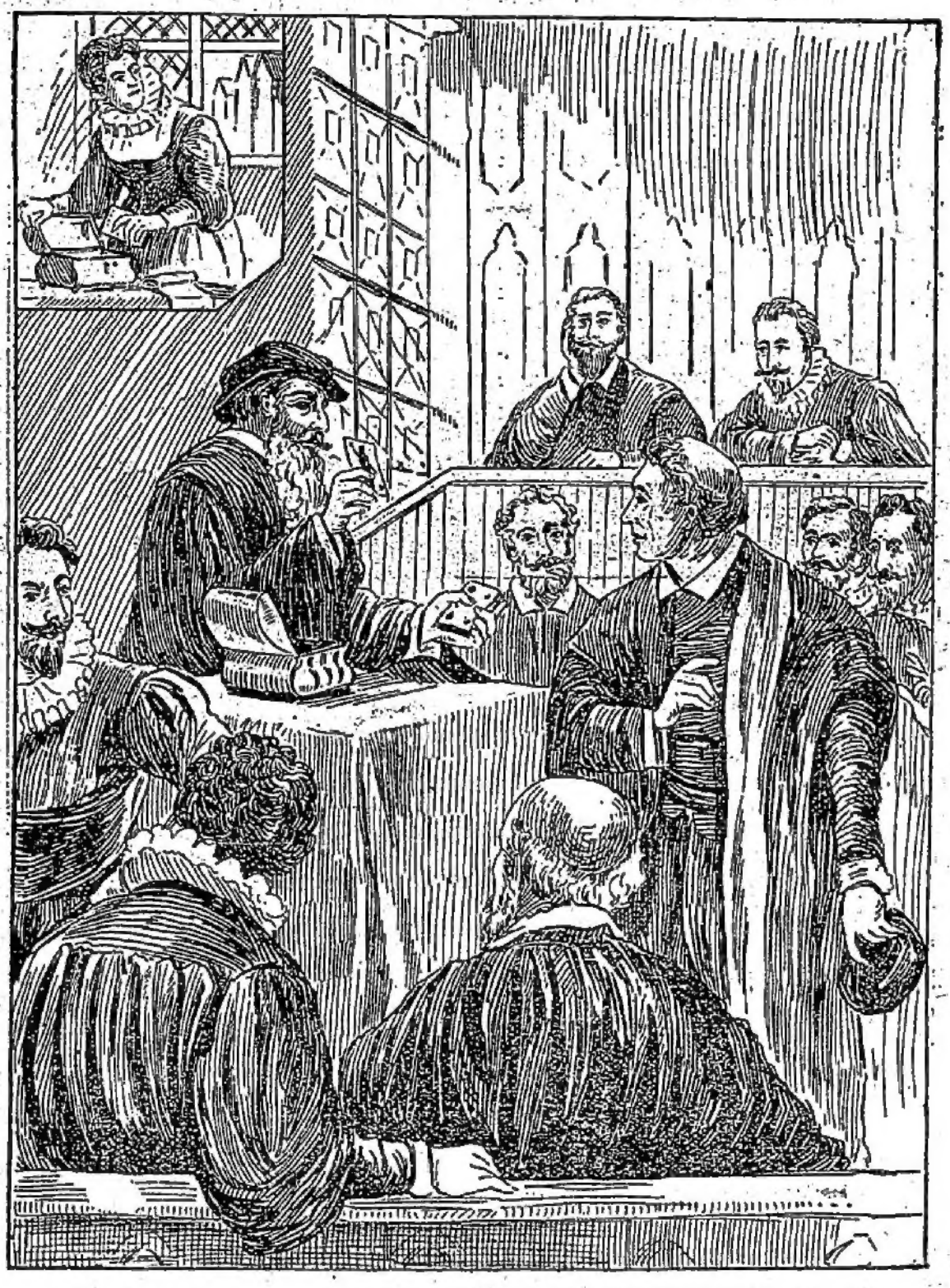
Master Turnstile's Commission.

(By Frances Browne, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Master Thomas Turnstile was emphatically a man of the period. Sincere in nothing but the pursuit of self-interest, it might be truly said that he feared not God nor regarded man, but was fanatically devoted to the service of the uppermost for the time, and had profited and been preferred accordingly. The son of a Chester attorney, and brought up to the same profession, he began the world, in the latter half of Henry VIII.'s reign, by laying informations against priests who stood out for the Pope's authority, and men of all ranks who scrupled to take the oath of supremacy. In the days of Edward VI., he discovered 'Papist plots,' and brought recusant Catholics under the operation of the penal laws by which Protestants when in power disgraced their purer faith. But as soon as Queen Mary was believed to be firmly established on the throne, Master Turnstile repaired to London in the train of Bishop Bonner, and became one of the earliest converts to the Church of Rome.



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" SAID THE LORD DEPUTY.

The results were seen by his old neighbors about an hour before sunset that day, when he rode up to the Blue Posts in the state and style of a travelling nobleman, mounted on a good horse, and two trumpeters some way in front announcing his approach with powerful flourishes. The good people of Bridge street ran to their doors and windows to see the sight, and all business and work were suspended while they gazed on the visible evidences of Master Turnstile's promotion.

One would have thought it was at least the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal whom prudent Giles Jackson received with ceremonious welcomes to his poor house.

Such flattering attentions had their natural effect on Mr. Turnstile, a short, stout, vulgar-looking, red-faced man. They put him in the best of humors for the time being; he deigned to recognize Giles as one of his old neighbors; inquired after his health and prosperity, and was signifying his pleasure to sup in the tapestried chamber, when a man equally stout, but wearing the cap and gown which denoted a doctor of divinity, stepped between Giles and him, and fairly cut out the former.

It was the bishop's chaplain, Dr. Feathernest and the flatteries of the innkeeper were cast in the shade by his. Master Turnstile was his dear friend, the man he had always loved, whose greatness he had foreseen, in whose preferment he gloried. There was no wine wanted to intoxicate the newly arrived; by this time adulation had done the business. He took Dr. Feathernest's arm with the air of a prince condescending to a loving subject, and ordering his saddle-bags to be carried in before him, by way of a hint, at the wealth or valuable papers they contained, proceeded at once to the tapestried chamber.

The pasties, the roasts, and the confections were all discussed in due course, and fortunately gave satisfaction.

The bishop's chaplain called for cards at the end of a Latin grace, and the pair commenced playing; but Dr. Feathernest had a design to execute. The bishop's chaplain contrived to turn his friend's attention from the cards to the good wines and good ales which the house afforded, so frequently that Giles was kept on a continual march between the tapestried chamber and the cellar, and Master Turnstile soon began to talk a good deal more than he played. But the process of intoxication had different effects upon each; it made Dr. Feathernest solemn and slow, but Master Turnstile boastful and garrulous.

'They will soon be both under the table,' said Giles, as he came down with a fagged, weary look to the little parlor where his wife sat at needlework. 'My good Rosanna, I have been on foot serving them these three hours and more—and there is the chaplain's call again,' he added, at the sound of the silver whistle, the predecessor of our modern bell. 'I pray thee go up and take my place for a little.'

'That I will, husband,' said Rosanna, throwing down her work and hurrying to the room.

'A bottle of Valencia, good dame; the best in thy cellar,' said Dr. Feathernest. 'We will drink the Pope's health; thou canst not refuse that, Master Turnstile, after what thou hast told me; but is it really true; may there not be some mistake in thy memory touching such a weighty commission?'

'No mistake at all; I tell thee the commission is here,' said Turnstile, taking up one of his saddle-bags; 'and to put an end to thine unbelief, I will show it instantly.'

He had taken a key from his pocket and was trying to open the lock of his saddle-bag with a rather unsteady hand, when Rosanna returned with the bottle of Valencia. She paused at the door. It stood partially open, but so covered with the heavy arras that those within could have no intimation of her approach, while she could see and hear all that passed in the room, and the sound of her husband's name made her instinctively listen and look.

'Giles Jackson is a loyal subject and a true Catholic, so is his wife, I'll warrant; but innkeepers retail news as well as wine, doctor. Some traveller, maybe a hidden heretic, might hear word of this from master or dame, get to Dublin as soon as myself—winds and tides are no respectors of persons, thou knowest—and warn the Protestants, which would partly defeat the Queen's design and mar my commission. There it is,' said Turnstile, who had now got the bag opened, pulling out a packet, the silk and

paper coverings of which he quickly unfolded, and showing a parchment on which Rosanna could see the impress of the Great Seal.

'There is my commission to search out through all the Queen's dominions in Ireland, and bring to condign punishment those obstinate heretics who have fled from England rather than receive the faith, as well as those of the same evil opinions who have been settled there since the time of King Henry; but, as I have said, no man must hear or know of it till I present it to the Lord Deputy in his Council Chamber in Dublin, that so the heretics may be taken unawares and at once.'

'It is truly a great preferment for thee, and much rejoices my heart,' said the chaplain, on perusing it, though he looked a great deal more envious than joyful.

'Ay, and will lead to greater,' said Turnstile, giving the parchment, after it was returned to him, a triumphant flourish. 'If I can manage this business to the Queen's mind, thou mays't see me Lord Deputy some day, or at least Chief Secretary.'

'Maybe so,' said the chaplain; 'but let me advise thee as a friend, not to be too much puffed up by the breath of fickle fortune; and put away thy commission, for methinks I hear the footstep of Dame Jackson.'

Imagining that he might have caught a glimpse of her, Rosanna made a great effort to look unconscious as she entered the room, served her guests with the Valencia wine, and retired to a dark corner beyond the massive sideboard, while Master Turnstile responded to his friend's advice with a muttered oath at him and fortune, refolded his parchment in its wrappers, and thrust it into the saddle-bag, which he locked and returned to its place beneath the table. But Rosanna perceived that when doing so he allowed the key to slip from his uncertain fingers and fall among the rushes on the floor.

Rosanna's thoughts were with her poor relatives in the old village overlooking Dublin Bay, with the poor exiles for her own faith who had found refuge in it and its neighborhood. What oppression and suffering would be brought upon them by that commission which Turnstile carried in his saddle-bag!

Rosanna rose from her place as a sudden thought crossed her mind. The room had become silent, but for a sound of heavy breathing—the wine had done its work at last on both the worthies. Dr. Feathernest lay like a snoring heap where he had slipped off his chair at one side of the table; Master Turnstile reposed in the very same fashion at the other.

Nobody but Dame Jackson knew how long they remained in that position, or what was done within the tapestried chamber when there was neither eye nor ear to take account; but she came down with her usual unembarrassed look, and told her husband the state of the case, which, indeed, was nothing new at any inn of the period.

He immediately summoned four pages and as many men-at-arms, the soberest to be found among the following, to convey the gentlemen to bed, and with his customary caution insisted on Master Turnstile's saddle-bags being taken up also and placed by his bed-side, at the same time restoring with his own hands to the pocket of the great man a small key which his wife said she had seen him drop among the rushes.

Early in the morning there was a mighty knocking at the outer door. The master of the good ship 'Pearl of the Sea,' in which Turnstile meant to sail, had sent word that his passengers must get on board as quickly as they could. There was some difficulty in getting master and men aroused from the effects of their over-night festivities; but they were all fairly got off at last.

There was nearly as much trouble in getting Dr. Feathernest to pay his share of the reckoning when he got up at noon; but after a good deal of haggling nothing remained in dispute between him and Giles save the pack of new cards, not one of which could be found, and high words were imminent, when Rosanna suggested that it was unwise to incur the wrath of the bishop's chaplain for such a trifle, and her prudent husband immediately discovered that some of the pages must have stolen them.

A few days from that date the good ship 'Pearl of the Sea,' anchored in Dublin Bay, and Master Turnstile proceeded on his mission to Dublin Castle, with no less pomp than he had displayed at Chester. The Lord Deputy and his council were sitting in deep deliberation on provincial affairs.

Followed by his pages and men-at-arms, and carrying the precious packet, which, in his own belief, had never been opened since it was placed in his hands in London, he marched up to the Lord Deputy's seat, and saying, 'Will my Lord Deputy and the lords of the council please to read the commission I bear from our most gracious sovereign Queen Mary the First?' he presented it with a low bow, and retired to a seat assigned him by the usher.

'We are pleased at all times to receive the commands of our sovereign lady, and welcome any commissioner her grace may please to send,' said the Lord Deputy, unfolding the packet, while his secretary rose and stood ready to read the important contents.

But a shout of laughter burst from the gazing council, and another of 'What does this mean?' from the Lord Deputy, as, instead of a parchment impressed with the great seal, and written in good Latin, he laid open a neatly put-up pack of cards.

Master Turnstile bounded from his seat, but could find no words in which to express himself, nor could they have been heard if he had found them, for peal after peal of laughter ran through the council chamber at the ridiculous mingling of amazement and chagrin in his face.

'My lords, my lords!' he cried at last, 'I have been robbed, I have been plundered of the Queen's commission, which I swear I got from the hands of Bishop Bonner himself.'

'Truly, Master Commissioner,' said the Lord Deputy, who now believed that a trick had been played on his self-conceit by some courtier, 'we were not aware that my lord bishop was of such a facetious mind; though it may be his reverence thought this' — and he held up the pack of cards — 'the most fitting commission for thee to bear.'

Again the roof rang with a chorus of laughter.

'Am I to get no justice on the robbers?' shouted Turnstile, losing his temper, and almost his reason.

'That must be enquired after where the trick was played,' said the Lord Deputy; 'we have no more time to spend on a jest at present, but must needs proceed to business. Usher, clear the council chamber of strangers.'

Master Turnstile accused every man in his service, every man on board the ship that brought him, of stealing his commission; but at length settled upon Dr. Feathernest as having taken the key from his pocket and opened the saddle-bag when he was overcome with the strong wine of the Blue Posts. In the meantime the only course that remained for him was to go back by the way he came, substantiate the charge, if possible, against the chaplain, and get a new commission from the Queen.

Turnstile was in haste enough to do so, but the wind and tide were against him, and nearly five weeks elapsed before he got back to Chester.

It was a gloomy day in November. The town, like all others in England, was agitated by rumors of the Queen's sickness, which some said was known to be mortal, but kept secret by her attendants and ministers, least, in case of her death before her always absent husband, King Phillip, could arrive, the Princess Elizabeth might be proclaimed by the people.

In Chester it was known that the bishop looked for a post to arrive at noon, but had been disappointed, and towards evening his chaplain dropped into the public-room of the Blue Posts, as many of the citizens did, to inquire if any news had reached the principal inn.

They were discussing the scraps of intelligence with cautious words and sober faces when in rushed Master Turnstile, exclaiming, as he seized Dr. Feathernest by the collar,

'Where is my commission? I demand it in the name of the Queen.'

What the chaplain would have said or done to his dear friend was cut short by a sound of ringing cheers, which seemed to rise from all parts of the city. In another moment all Bridge street rushed out of doors, and a crowd came on, shouting, 'Long live Elizabeth! long live the Protestant Queen!'

'God be praised!' said prudent Giles, as he rushed into the little parlor where his wife sat at work; 'honest people will get breathing now.'

'Amen, husband!' Rosanna said, her hands clasped, and her lips moving in wordless thanksgiving for the safety of the poor Protestants in her native land.

Giles knew what personal reason his wife had for rejoicing in the accession of the new Queen, but he had no time to congratulate her. His attention was caught by a great shout outside of, 'There is the turncoat!'

The crowd had recognized Master Turnstile, and the man who was welcomed with such cheers on his former visit to Chester proved how short was the triumph of the wicked, by being chased from street to street, and escaping the hands of his pursuers, and the ducking they promised him, only by speed of foot, for which few would have given him credit.

The public of Chester were best acquainted with the ludicrous part of our story, for the facts are historical, though of course the names are not, and they were accustomed to say of any boasted or over-promising project,

'It will end in a pack of cards, like Master Turnstile's commission.'

Who Knows Best?

It struck us as a remarkable fact, when we had the pleasure of hearing a Christian worker among actors and actresses, that in every case where anyone following that profession became converted, he or she left the stage and sought some work more congenial to the new-born life. Quite as remarkable, on the other side, is the desire of many professing Christians to go to the theatre, What conclusion are we to draw? That the converted actors do not know what a useful profession they are leaving? or that the professing Christians do not know what an injurious pleasure they are permitting themselves? One would suppose that he who has walked the stage knows better than an outsider what a theatre is when judged by a Christian standard.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OCTOBER
Oh ever bright and ever dear,
Thou saddest month of all the year!
You wear your glory crown
Of crimson, gold and brown,
With pensive air, yet queenly grace,
E'en while the silent King apace
Steals on to lay your beauties low,
And bury all 'neath frost and snow.

WITH PENSIVE AIR.

—'Silver Link.'

Money.

(By Miss F. H. Knapp, in 'Hand and Heart.')

CHAPTER I.

'Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.'

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

'Howard, dear,' said a widowed mother to her only son, 'is anything the matter? You have been sitting for nearly half an hour with your eyes resting on your book without turning a single page.'

These words of their mother directed the attention of two young girls to their brother, and the look of anxious love they cast on him showed how dear he was to them both.

'No, mother,' said Howard, 'nothing is the matter; I was only thinking.'

'Let me share your thoughts,' said Mrs. Latimer, 'for sure I am they are not happy.'

'Well, mother dear; I was thinking we would have a little talk together; so, by-and-by, when even puss is asleep, we will have a regular gossip.—But, girls, what makes you look so grave? Remember what Burns says of those who,

"When nae real ills perplex them,
Make enow themselves to vex them."

Then, stepping to his mother's side, he kissed her, saying in a low voice, 'Do not be uneasy; nothing is the matter'; and taking up his hat, he returned to his work at the office. Amy went to the glass to smooth her hair, which, she said, Howard would always tumble; and Bertha said, 'Do you think, mother, Howard is ill?' 'No, dear,' Mrs. Latimer replied, 'I think he has something on his mind that worries him; but I thank God for putting it in his heart to confide in me.'

The evening passed happily, but with less cheerfulness than usual; and when Bertha and Amy wished mother and brother good-night, a gloom seemed to oppress them all. As soon as the door was closed Howard began—

'I have been thinking, mother, that I am not doing much in Mr. Briscoe's office. You know I am but a clerk — a junior clerk. Now Joe Briscoe, whose prospects, of course, are better, being son as well as clerk, says he has no patience to go on creeping all the days of his life; so he has determined to start for some place abroad—he does not care where, only where he can get on more, and get more money.'

Mrs. Latimer heard her son to the end, and then said,—

'The last four words you have uttered, dear boy, explain all the rest. It is the love of money which is actuating young Briscoe. Remember who has told us that "the love of money is the root of all evil."'

'But surely you would not blame him for trying to better himself?' said Howard. 'I thought your only objection would be to my going away; for it is the leaving you all that has made me hesitate about it.'

'If,' said Mrs. Latimer, 'it appeared right for you, or your duty to go, I should submit for your sake; but it is not so. You are young, not much past twenty, and your position in Mr. Briscoe's office, with the hope of being one day (if you act so as to deserve it) a junior partner, presents a brighter prospect than most young men have before them.'

'But see the years that must pass first!' exclaimed Howard.

'Certainly,' replied his mother, 'and see the years that must pass in any case before you can make the large fortune which I fear you are now considering the only essential of life.'

The conversation between the mother and son went on far into the night; much was said by them both; and though Howard was not quite convinced that his post of duty was to remain in his present position, he felt more than ever the love of his beloved mother; and he promised her that he would, at all events, go on quietly for a time, and take no steps for the future without consulting her first about it.

Now, let us follow Howard Latimer to the office. In an inner room at a table covered with papers, sat Mr. Briscoe. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, tall, erect and stately. The chief characteristic of his countenance was that of stern determination; indeed, his compressed lips and steady eye seemed to say, 'Thus it shall be'; but there was also most clearly discernable a look of the keen and grasping miser. In an outer and larger room, four desks were occupied by three clerks and a boy, whom we must briefly notice. The first was a man rather advanced in years, of a particularly sad yet mild expression of countenance; no one could look at him without feeling sure that trouble and sorrow had followed him, but there was a look of patient resignation in his calm eyes which was very prepossessing. At the second desk sat the son of the principal of the establishment, Mr. Joseph Briscoe. He was a well-built, handsome young man, but still not altogether pleasant-looking; for cunning was so visible in his features, that, though the first thought on meeting him might be, 'What a fine young fellow!'—it was generally followed by a second—'but I do not quite like his look.' The third desk was occupied by Howard Latimer. None of the cunning of young Briscoe was observable in him; on the contrary, his was a peculiarly open expression of countenance. The fourth occupant of the room was a youth who seemed to hold a subordinate position, since he was not only employed with his pen like the others, but attended on the clients who called, and also answered Mr. Briscoe's bell when its often-pealing tones summoned him. Business hours seemed to be over; for the elder clerk had arranged the books and papers on his desk, and changed his threadbare coat for one a few degrees better. He was seated on his high stool as if waiting for something.

when Mr. Briscoe's bell having been answered by Tom Coles, the office boy, he returned and said, 'Mr. Page, Mr. Briscoe says he is now ready to see you.' Mr. Page rose and went into the inner room, shutting the door behind him.

Joseph Briscoe directly turned to Howard, and said,—

'Well, old boy, how did you get on last night?'

'I did not get on at all,' replied Howard; 'I rather got back: for, to tell you the truth, Joe, my mother sets her face dead against our plan, so that I think I shall give it up altogether.'

'Not quite such a milksop as that, I should hope!' returned Joe. 'Why, I might make the same excuse, if I chose, for abandoning our noble enterprise; for my poor mother cried and sobbed at a fine rate, and my pompous father stamped and frowned, and kept saying, "I will not hear of it, sir; I forbid anything of the kind, sir!" But what's the use of listening to them. No, no; I have made up my mind; and go I will; and if you, like a coward, begin to draw back, you are not the good fellow I took you for—that's all.'

'Well, Joe, I tell you I have not made up my mind; and as you gave me a week to think of it, it is rather unreasonable to expect me to give an answer at once.'

'Well, then,' said Joe, 'you know yesterday was Friday; so, remember, I do not wait one day after next Friday. I know a right good fellow who will go with me if you don't; so do as you like.'

But Mr. Page was still in Mr. Briscoe's office when the two separated.

'I tell you, Page,' Mr. Briscoe was saying, 'it is of no use talking, and it is only because I have known you so many years, and under such different circumstances, that I have listened so long.

'I thank you, sir,' said Mr. Page; 'believe me, it is only the interest I take in you and yours that urges me to such boldness, and I pray you not to be angry if I beg you once more, and for the last time, to be less—less ——' Mr. Page hesitated; he was going to say, 'less severe,' but he feared giving offence, so he qualified it, and said, 'less particular with Mr. Joseph. I think, sir, he is a young man who can be led by kindness better than——' Again he hesitated.

'Well, Page, what would you recommend me to do with this hopeful son of mine? He has been a trouble to me from his infancy; and his foolish mother spoils him, so that he thinks he may lead me as he does her.'

'Ah! sir,' said Mr. Page, '"a house divided against itself cannot stand." Take your son into your confidence, and ——'

'And let him share the profits, I suppose!'

'"The love of money is the root of all evil,"' said Mr. Page, 'and the Wise Man tells us, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing."'

'Thank you, Mr. Page—that will do, sir: when I want a sermon again, I will send for you. I wish you good-morning.'

Mr. Page knew that this was his dismissal for the present. Indeed, he felt, after his last words had been uttered, that they had, perhaps, been over-bold; so he thought it best to retire, and slowly left the room.

CHAPTER II.

'Some feelings are to mortal's given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,—
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!'

—Sir Walter Scott.

'Mildred, dear, you are working too hard,' said Bertha Latimer to a sweet-looking girl who had just despatched some eighteen or twenty little ones from her school; 'I'm sure this teaching day after day, so many noisy unruly children, is more than you ought to do. Give it up, dear Mildred, do give it up.'

Mildred shook the long golden ringlets from a face—oh! so very fair!—as she looked up at her friend, and with a smile, replied,—

'"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."'

'Oh, yes, I know that text, Mildred, and it is a glorious one. But, see how pale and ill you are looking. Do you think it right to continue what is evidently too much for you?'

After a little Mildred continued:—

'Ah! you forget that I am the eldest of nine motherless ones; and, besides my poor father's stipend as curate of Levington is very small. Mrs. Mason gave up her school, and offered me the advantage of it if I liked to continue it. When I went to the parents of the little pupils, I found them all, without one single exception, willing to leave their children with me. Their being all so young was one great inducement for me to attempt it; and another inducement was this—I knew I could educate my three little sisters with the rest. As to my looking ill and anxious, dear Bertha, your fond love fancies the former; and if I do look anxious, as I may, do you think it would lessen my anxiety to be doing nothing?'

Bertha threw her arms around her friend, saying, 'You are right dear Mildred, as you always are; only promise me, then that you will let me help you if I can.'

'Help, who wants help?' said a voice on the other side of the hedge; and, in a minute, Howard Latimer, was by the side of his sister and her friend.

'Oh, Howard! how you frightened me!' exclaimed his sister.

'I came on purpose to frighten you,' returned Howard. 'You are to run home as fast as you can. Uncle and Aunt Fulton are come to lunch, but cannot stay long. They wish to see you, and Amy told me I would be sure to find you with Miss Linton in some of these pretty lanes. So, now, off with you; and I will take care that no mad bull comes to frighten Miss Linton.'

'Uncle and Aunt Fulton! Oh! I am so glad!' said Bertha, as she started across the field the shortest way home.

Mildred walked a few paces in silence; then Howard said,—

'What is your opinion of a listener, Miss Linton?'

'Mean, odious, contemptible,' said Mildred.

'Oh! stop, stop! you are calling me those dreadful things,' said Howard; 'for I confess I could not help listening to the last words of your talk with my sister—but not without a motive—and now the time has come that I must speak.'

'Oh! no, no,' said Mildred; for she guessed what he would have her hear, and knew the pain that would follow his avowal.

But Howard was heedless of her exclamations:—

'Mildred,' he urged passionately, 'you must know how very dear you are to me. I had not intended telling you this till I had amassed a fortune large enough to make my presumption the less in asking you to share it with me. But, though I am not rich, I think my present prospects are so bright that I should be doing you no injustice in asking you, even now, to be my wife.'

'And do you think, Howard,' Mildred answered, 'that I could so far forget my duty as to consider only myself, and leave my poor father, oppressed as he is, to struggle on with those eight little ones, when I know I can help him?'

'But,' said Howard, 'is it called for, that you should sacrifice yourself?'

'Sacrifice!' exclaimed Mildred, 'and you ask me to sacrifice the children.'

'You will let me hope, then, for some future day——'

'Let us, neither of us, bind ourselves by any promise,' said Mildred. 'I will trust in you, and you will trust in me; and may God be with us both!'

Howard tried for some time to make Mildred name some definite time; but finding it useless, he was obliged to content himself with the tacit consent she had given to their engagement, and they parted.

When Howard returned home he found his uncle and aunt about to take their departure.

'Why, my boy,' said Uncle Fulton, 'I was going to send the crier after you. Have you met a mad bull, a gorilla, or a fair lady? for sure I am, it must have been one of the three, to keep you so long. Now, then, you must come and see me. You may bring a lady detainer with you, if you like; but pray, not the bull or the gorilla.

And Uncle Fulton, as he touched his pretty pair of ponies, went off singing—

'When the world is full of flowers,
Who would not gather them?' etc.

till his merry voice was lost in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

'There stands the messenger of truth; there stands,
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.'
—William Cowper.

We are about to introduce our readers to the pretty cottage residence of the Rev. Eustace Linton, curate of Levington. The clematis is growing luxuriantly over the lattice porch at the door, sweetly twined with a lovely and free-blowing rose, and the well-tended garden, yielding both fruits and flowers indicates that the inmates know how to combine the useful with the ornamental. Looking in at the open window we see Mildred Linton reading to her three little sisters, who are all very deep in the wonderful process of converting their own well-worn little frocks into smaller garments for the poor little ones of the parish, while the baby boy is industriously pulling the tail of the little kitten; which liberty puss returns by putting her soft paw on his little fat shoulder and leaping over his head. Passing on to a small room beyond, we see the anxious father himself, seated at a table with many small books and papers on it. What an open countenance it is which meets us as he looks up at a laborer who has just entered the room! We gather from what they say that he had just established a Penny Savings Bank in the parish, and is taking down the names of those who wish to become members. Everything is conducted with perfect order; there are many waiting in the little porch and garden, but only one enters at a time.

'Well, Adam Clare,' Mr. Linton is saying, 'I am very glad to find you among my friends to-day. I expected you would have been one of the first to have your name entered.'

'Yes, sir, yes,' replied Adam; 'times are changed to me now since I've followed your honor's advice, and left off paying my visits to the Blue Boar of nights, when I got my weekly wages. My old woman has put the money I used to spend there in our old cracked tea-pot; for you see, sir, it lets out the tea, but it has kept in the money right

enough; and when I turned it out this morning, I was frightened—I thought there would be no end to it. See here, sir, I've tied it all up in my handkerchief; and I thank you, sir, most humbly for your good advice.'

'Thank God, my friend,' said Mr. Linton, 'and say, "I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel."'

'Aye, aye, sir; and I will say too, "The Lord bless thee."'

'Do Adam,' responded the good clergyman: 'no one needs the prayers of his people more.'

Adam Clare went out, and a tidy little old woman took his place.

'Please, sir,' she said, 'my old man and I have been talking together if so be as we could spare a penny a week from our little 'lowance, and we don't know just what to decide on; so I be come to ask you, sir, what you think we had better do.'

'Well, Sally,' said Mr. Linton, 'I think you are taxing my powers rather too far, as I don't know what your little means are, nor all the calls on them.'

'You see, sir, my poor old man is now so crippled with the rheumatiz, he can't do no more than nothing at all; so the parish allows us——'

'I fear, Sally,' said Mr. Linton, gently, 'I shall not have time to-day to enter so very minutely into your affairs; so you must just see if you think you could in any way manage to do without some little penny trifle in the week, because then at the end of the year you would get 4s. 4d. to buy you both some nice warm clothing for the winter.

'Well, sir, a penny in the week is not much, and, as you say, 4s. 4d. would be a nice lot to have all at once, so please, sir, here's my penny; and I thank you very much.'

The next visitor was a sweet little fair-haired girl of five or six years of age.

'Papa! may I come in?'

'Not now, my darling; only persons who come on business can talk to me now.'

'Oh! but papa, I am come on business,' said the little body, drawing herself up with all the importance of a Prime Minister of England.

'Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Alice Linton, pray walk in and state the important cause of your present visit.'

'Now, papa, dear, do not talk so grandly; but you know you are making a bank.'

Mr. Linton smiled at his little daughter's way of putting the case, but only said, 'Well, Alice, what then?'

'Why, then, papa, I wanted poor old blind Betty to be a banker; but she says she cannot afford even a penny a week. So Mildred says if I really want the poor old woman to get the money to buy a blanket at Christmas, I must help her. And what do you think Mrs. Bray, at the farm told me? That if I would select—no, I think she said collect—all her new-laid eggs every morning, she would give me a penny every Monday, that I might give you to make poor blind Betty a banker, and get her a warm blanket for the winter.'

The child's cheeks glowed, and her eyes beamed with delight as she unfolded her little plan, and, forgetting she had entered as an important woman of business, she ran to her father and jumped upon his knee. Mr. Linton parted the fair curls from the open brow, and while he imprinted a kiss on it, lifted up his heart in silent thanksgiving to that God who had shed the Spirit of love and mercy on his little one.

When he could speak, he said, 'That is a capital plan, my Alice; bring me every Monday your penny, and at Christmas you shall have the pleasure of taking poor old blind Betty her blanket yourself.'

As Alice tripped out, a young woman, looking wan and careworn, with a baby in her arms, entered.

'Ah! Mr. Linton, your savings bank!—my poor Maurice!' She burst into tears.

'Sit down Lucy Dale; sit down, my poor girl, and compose yourself, and tell me what you want.'

The kind words and the manner of the clergyman reassured her, and, after wiping her eyes, she said,—

'If you please, sir, I should like to be a member; but my poor husband drinks more than ever. Every farthing he earns is spent at the Blue Boar; and when he comes home he is always tipsy; and what can the wife of a drunkard do, sir?' My poor little cripple child and this baby take up all my time, and I am wearing myself out with frettings.'

'That must not be, Lucy. Yours is a sad case, it is true, but you must not despair; remember he who afflicts is able also to comfort. Put, therefore, your trust in him who has promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." But, Lucy, don't be bitter against him; keep your cottage and children as neat as you can; try to show your husband that the comforts of his own home are greater than those of the Blue Boar. Above all, pray earnestly and constantly for him, believing your prayers will be answered in God's own time. I see, Lucy, you cannot at present become a member of the savings-bank; but I do not fear but that one day you will be.'

But our limits will not permit us to speak of all the business that was done that day in that little study. Enough has been said to show the nature of the work which so deeply engaged the Rev. Eustace Linton, and also the feelings of respect and love felt for him by his people. Many were the hearts which blessed him that night.

But other important events of a very different character were being enacted in the quiet little village of Levington. Even in that secluded place the passions of men were working as busily as in the crowded city. We shall be able to throw some light on the darker picture if we enter one other home, and report the conversation there.

It is the home of Mr. Page. The good man is seated at a table at tea. Opposite to him sits Mrs. Page. Her whole aspect and manner tells of having seen better days. Her dress is perfectly plain—perhaps some might say poor, but it is arranged with scrupulous neatness. The whole room also in its furniture is equally plain, but as neat as could possibly be imagined. Even the little tin tea-kettle might have served for a looking-glass, had any accident happened to the very small one hanging by the side of the window, of which the mistress of the house was wont to observe with great truth, 'Though large enough for dear William to shave by, and me to put my cap straight, it would look mean and ridiculous over the chimney-piece.'

Mrs. Page poured out another cup of tea, and as she gave it to her husband said, 'Has anything gone amiss at the office to-day, dear? You seem more than usually thoughtful.'

'I fear something will be amiss soon,' replied Mr. Page, 'if Mr. Briscoe persists in his cold and severe manner towards his son. That young man is not too high-principled; but what makes me uneasy is the influence he is getting over Howard Latimer.'

'Surely you don't think Joe Briscoe will lead Howard astray?' said Mrs. Page.

'It is impossible to say.'

'Can't anything be done, William?'

'I have done as much as I dare,' returned her husband: 'I have even spoken to Mr. Briscoe himself, as well as his son.'

'And with what result?' asked his wife.

'Mr. Joseph Briscoe told me to mind my own business; that I was not his governor; and that he certainly would not consult me when he wanted a new boot-lace or a fresh cigar. And Mr. Briscoe said that when he wanted another sermon he would send for me.'

The husband and wife sat silent for a few minutes, and then Mr. Page exclaimed, 'All Mr. Briscoe thinks of is how he can make money.'

(To be Continued.)

The Charm of Good Breeding.

More and more as one observes life and manners, the charm of good breeding asserts its sway over the experiences of everyday communion with our comrades on life's pilgrim path. In my recent visit to Tennessee and Kentucky, I was re-impressed with the dignity, the leisure, the grace and the flavor of ceremony in the people whom I had the honor and pleasure of meeting. Especially was I delighted with the children in the several households where I was entertained. Their intercourse with their elders was characterized by confidence and freedom, yet they were perfectly and pleasantly obedient, and one had not the feeling that the child was the foremost personage to be considered. A pretty group of children in the background was rather the impression which remained in one's mind after leaving one of those stately Southern homes.

One finds many of these beautiful homes possessed of a rarely attractive individuality. For one thing, they stand, even in town, apart from one another with ground about them, gardens and trees, and turf. The latter is rather burned up at present, owing to a very prolonged drought; but when it is green it must be like the velvet sod of England. But as I drove up the long avenues and through the park-like spaces of some of those ample and sumptuous homes a few miles out of Nashville, and as I met and talked with the soft-voiced, sweet and gracious women to whom life is more than a pastime, though they are surrounded with luxury and elegance, I found myself inclined to leave a bit of my heart with those dear and gentle friends, whose courtesy I will not soon forget.

One notes that the Southerner of tradition is a person who has time to read and think, and that he still reads the masters of English literature. Everybody there reads Dr. Johnson, and Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens and Pope. A little girl came into the library of a certain house one morning while I was there, saying, 'Aunty, I cannot find the "Vicar of Wakefield."' Jane Austen is in great vogue, everyone being familiar with 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sense and Sensibility,' and the rest of Miss Austen's beautiful works, and in conversation one hears quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Irving, quite as a matter of course.

At a public function, a gentleman seated on the platform was suddenly called upon, without preparation, to return thanks for his city, to the speakers who had graced the occasion. He did so, with a felicity of diction, an aptness of quotation, and a ceremonious courtesy which made the little impromptu a thing to remember.

The old-fashioned Sabbath-keeping sentiment which against all protests and appeal from those who ignore the Lord's Day, kept closed the gates of the Nashville Centennial Exposition, is a favorable and conservative sign of the times in an important part of the country. When, as a nation, we shall trample under foot the Fourth Commandment, our period of decadence will have

begun. To America, as to England, Mr. Kipling's superb recessional hymn speaks with a trumpet's tone;

'Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.'

AUNT MARJORIE.

Wheel-Animals.

A CHAT WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(By the Rev. W. Williams, F.L.S., in Australian 'Spectator.')

The wheel animals are not so named because their body is shaped like a wheel, but because it seemed to those who looked at them under the microscope, as though each animal had a pair of wheels running on an axle at the upper part of his body, and that these wheels revolved very fast upon the axle. We know that this is not so; there are no wheels at all, but they still bear the name. Scientific men call them 'rotifers,' which word is made up of two Latin words, meaning 'I carry a wheel,' so that the scientific name is as incorrect as the common one. But no doubt the name will continue, as everybody is so accustomed to it, and to try to change it would make much confusion. So we will call them wheel-bearers. The block shows the shape of four different kinds. The first, a, is shaped like a vase, with a foot springing from the bottom of it. This foot it can shorten, and draw right up into the body,. At the end there are two toes or claws, which, working towards each other, form a pair of pincers, by means of which it can hold on tightly and anchor itself firmly. It can even fasten itself to the side of a glass jar so strongly that, although it may throw its body about with great swiftness and violence, yet it does not break away even from a smooth surface like that of glass.

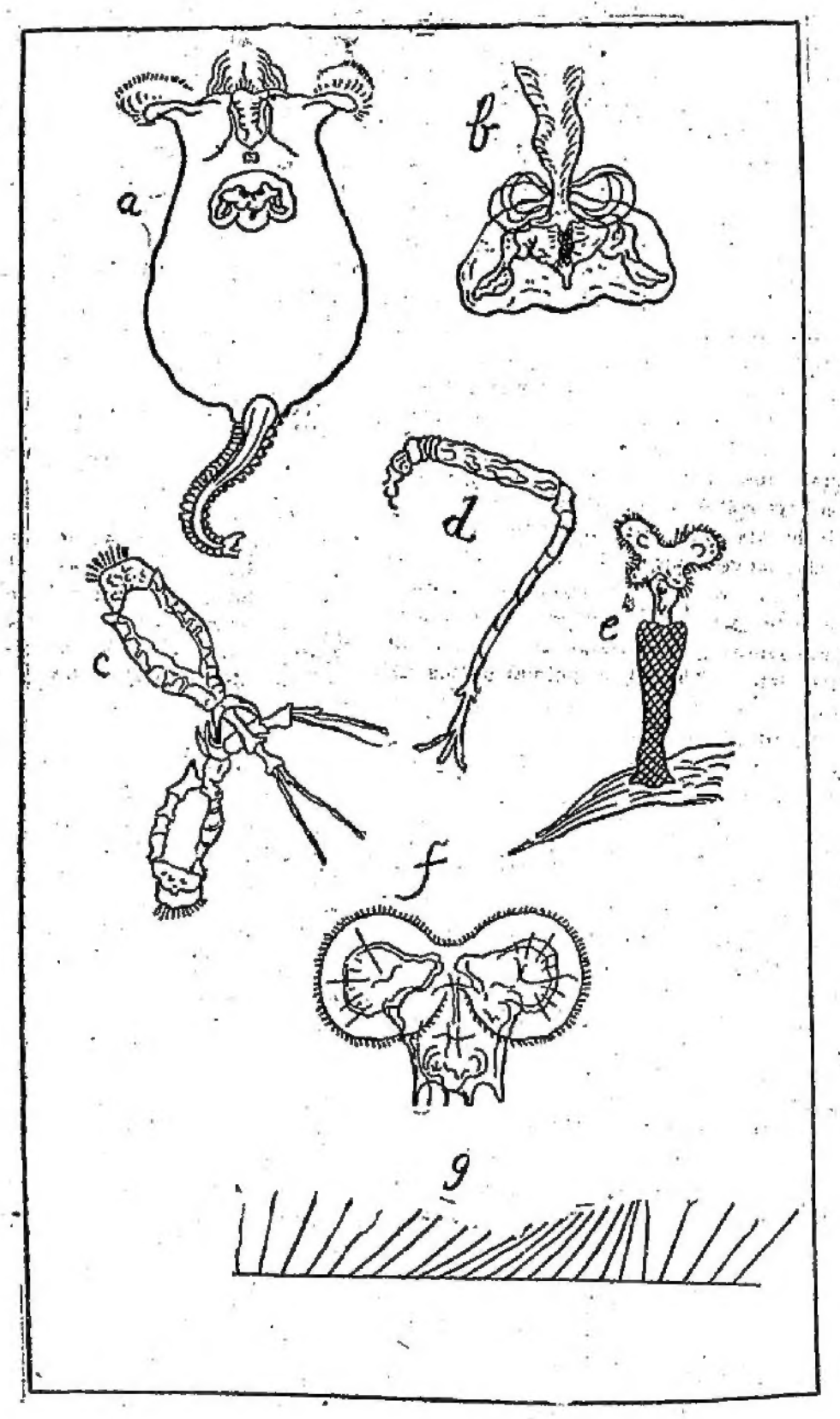
The body is not really as empty as I have drawn it. It has stomach, liver, and all sorts of organs; but as I do not intend to talk to you about them I did not put them in, and without explanation you would not know what they all are. If you look you will see that I have drawn something near the top of the body, of which b is a larger picture. Some people call it a gizzard, but the men who know most about them say that really the mouth is right inside the body, and that these are the teeth. The difference is that the gizzard is a kind of stomach quite distinct from the mouth. You may know that a fowl has a true gizzard, where the food is crushed and broken so as to make it easy of digestion. If you look at b you will see a funnel-shaped passage, lined with hairs; this is the opening into the mouth, and down that funnel all food passes until it drops on the table, or 'anvil,' as it is called, which you see looking like a D in outline. Upon that anvil there are two sets of 'hammers,' working as shown. Each set has two joints, the first looking a little like the bone we call a 'shoulder' blade, with one end resting on the anvil, the other joint joined to this, and consisting of teeth, like fingers, covered with a membrane or skin. These hammers rise and fall upon the anvil, and as the food gets under them it is pounded and broken up, So you will please understand that the mouth is right inside the body, with a funnel leading to it, and with a set of teeth, arranged like hammers, beating upon the anvil to pound and crush the food.

The vase wheel-bearer has a kind of shell all over it, which is clear like glass, so that people can see everything that goes on, and trace the course of the food in the body. They do this quite cleverly. They throw into the water in which these animals live some carmine, which is a red paint. The animal will sometimes let a little of it pass into its mouth. As the paint continues a bright red, it is easily seen through the glass-like shell, and in this way it has been traced all through the body, so that men now know exactly where the stomach lies, and how fast the food moves.

Above the anvil is a square spot, which is of a rich crimson color, and glitters like a jewel. This rests upon a cloudy-looking mass of matter, which is believed to be the brain of the animal, A careful examination of the crimson part has led scientific men to say that it is an eye. You may know that in our eyes there is a brilliant lens, and at a certain part a layer of black material like paint, and that both the lens and the paint are necessary for clear seeing. It is found that upon this crimson paint there is a lens, which accounts for its glittering appearance; and, therefore, it is concluded that this is the eye of the wheel-animal.

But the most wonderful parts of this wonderful creature are the wheels, as they used to be called. You see them marked at the top of the figure on each side of the bristly mouth. They are not wheels, of course, but if you saw them at work you would say they were wonderfully like them. What are they? Simply circles of cilia, which I have before explained are hairs, with the power of moving. If you will see how they are arranged. If you look at a field of corn, or a paddock of long grass when the wind is blowing over it, you will see that it seems as if all the corn was rushing along in waves like water. Of course the corn does not move from the place where it grows, but as the wind touches the heads they bend down and then spring back again, then bend and again spring back, so that while some are bent others are straight, and this gives the appearance of movement. If you look at a field of corn or grass you will understand it at once.

In the case of the wheel-bearers these hairs, which are set in a circular way, bend one after the other, and rise again one after the other, in a very regular movement, so that it seems as if something were running round all the time, just as the bending and rising corn gives the idea of moving waves. You see they do not all bend at once nor all rise at once. Number one bends first, and before it is down low, number two, the one next it has begun to bend; before that is down number three begins to bend, and so on. As they are bent down they cross, or nearly cross each other, and that part of the 'crown' — as we will call the circle of hairs —looks dark on account of their crossing and lying so thickly together. But now number one begins to rise up and straighten itself, and number two follows it, and so on, until the bending movement has gone round the circle, when number one, now straight, begins to bend again, and it goes on as before. But when the hairs are standing



straight up, the thick, heavy look of the crossed hairs is gone, as the light shines freely between them, so that light and dark patches chase each other round the circle of hairs in motion, and this gives the appearance of a running wheel.

I think I can make this clearer to you by a little drawing, so I have sketched g for that purpose. The long bottom line shows the part on which the cilia stand, the other lines show the cilia gradually and regularly bending and straightening again; you will see the wave-like appearance of the tops, and how the light and dark belts follow each other. I hope that you will be able to understand that these waves, and dark and light belts running fast round a circle, would give the idea of revolving wheels. And that is the 'wheel,' of the rotifer. But what is the wheel for? It has two uses. By dropping carmine in the water it is seen that these cilia, quickly moving in that way make currents; the bits of carmine are caught up by the currents, and, being red are easily seen, so that the way they float shows how the currents run. These currents catch up and carry with them pieces of food floating in the water, and carry them to the mouth, when the animal swallows them. What a fine idea to make currents that will wash the food into the mouth!

All this time we have supposed our wheel-bearer to be fixed by the pincers in his foot, but now he lets go and keeps his cilia going. They row him along, and as he goes he keeps rolling over and over, just as I have seen boys roll down a beautiful grassy slope. Only he not only rolls over as they do, but he also moves along head first. When you bore a hole with a gimlet you turn it round and round with your fingers, and the point of the gimlet goes through the wood at the same time. The wheel animal swims like that, boring through the water, and turning round all the while. So you see that these cilia, or wheels, have two uses, they fish for him, and row him along.

Figure c, of which there are two specimens drawn, is called the 'skeleton.' You will see he has real joints in his long foot, and the toes or pincers are long and thin. Figure d is called the tripod, because he has three toes on his long, slender foot. There are a great many other sorts. I want you to notice this, that we are studying animals on a system. We commenced with the very simplest, and we are gradually getting higher and higher. In these for the first time we meet with a mouth, with real teeth, and an animal with real joints, that only work one way, like our elbows; that is, they will not bend back.

Figure e is a wonderful little fellow. He is a brick-maker and a brick-layer. He makes his bricks and builds his house. His head, you see, is like a flower, with two large petals, or leaves you would perhaps call them, and two small ones. He sticks to a leaf or twig, or something of the kind, growing in the water. Underneath his chin he has a little cup or a short stalk. He sets his cilia working, and the tiny bits of dirt floating in the water are caught up by the current and whirled into that cup. In a little while, say three minutes, it is full, he sticks it all together somehow, we do not know how, and then it is a little brick. Then he bends his head down and sticks it on the leaf by his foot, He makes another and puts that by the first. So he goes on making bricks, and putting them on each other till he has built up a tube as shown in the drawing, which sometimes has over thirty rows of bricks, one upon the other, and all stuck together with some kind of cement he uses. He stands about 1-24th of an inch high, and his tube is about 1-36th of an inch high. There he lives, and when he is frightened by anything, he shuts up his flower-like head, and drops down into his tube out of sight.

When he is building people sometimes put carmine in the water, and he sweeps it all in and makes red bricks of it, Then after a while they put some blue stuff in, and he sweeps that into his mould and makes blue bricks; and so they get this beautiful little creature to build his house of different colors, and very curious it looks. Is he not a very wonderful little creature, making his own bricks in a mould in his own body, and building his house with them?

No doubt the first man who made bricks to build his house with thought he was very smart, and so he was, but the little wheel-bearers knew how to do it long before. Is it not wonderful how God invents all these things, and teaches little tiny creatures that you can hardly see how to do this work? People will tell you that it is not easy to make a cement or glue that will stand being soaked in water; but God knows all about it, and he teaches the little Melicerta, as this pretty animal is called, how to make his bricks and build his house with it. After all, the most learned man knows only a little, it is only God who knows all things.

Praying for the Pastor.

While we all believe in praying for our pastor in a general way, we do not always realize that under these circumstances we can only reasonably expect him to be blessed in a general way.

The pastor of a church is often found fault with because he is not more in earnest, or because he does not give enough attention to evangelistic work. He has not enough energy. His sermons are too prosy. His prayers lack warmth. He seems to be discouraged, when he ought to be full of courage, driving the truth home so that the unsaved would cry out because of their sins. He does not seem very cordial — does not shake hands in the hearty way that would cover a multitude of short-comings. He does not seem to take the interest in the young people that he should. He does not appear to sympathize with those in trouble, and in short, he is not what a pastor ought to be at all.

No, nor will he be as long as his members are praying for him in a general way.

A pastor whose church is behind him praying for him in a special way, will feel it, and he is sure to know if that kind of prayer is being offered for him. His very weakness and mistakes are held up before God (not before men), and God prompts him to correct these things or over-rules them for good.

A pastor with a praying church — a real praying church behind him, is not liable to get far off the right track. A pastor needs not fault-finding, but earnest prayer and plenty of it. Such prayer forms a common bond and so harmonizes the feelings of both pastor and people that they are in a position to work together for unsaved souls.

A Letter From a Workingman.

'Twenty-eight years had I served the devil with all my heart and mind; and then the Lord said, "Stop." He had said so to me many a time before; but this time his voice sounded loud in my soul: "Stop and listen; hear what I have got for you. If you go on serving Satan you will be lost; but if you trust Christ, and his work on the cross, you shall have eternal life."

'The preacher came to me that evening and said, "Do you know Christ as your Saviour?" The thought came to me, "Say, Yes." But I could not in truth; so I said, "No." Then we knelt to pray; but I could not get out a word—my heart was too full. At last, from the depths of my heart I cried, "Lord, save me!" And he did save me, there and then and my dear brother, too — that same evening.

'Now, I often think if men did but know how wicked I had been, they would say as I say—that I deserved hell, and not heaven; but, thank the Lord, in his great mercy he has saved a big, black, hell-deserving sinner like me.

'I write these few words so that, if there are any dear souls where you are that think they are too bad to be saved, you may tell them there is none too bad for Jesus, or I should have been turned back; but, thank the Lord, he has saved me—not for a day, but for ever!'—'Faithful Words.'

Correspondence

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I had a lovely time in the holidays, the best time being when I was out at Milliken, at my Aunt Carrie's. We had lots of fun with my cousin Evelyn.

I am in the junior fifth class at school. I passed the entrance examination.

I sincerely hope that we will have prohibition in our Dominion. On one of our streets —it is the street I go down to school on — there are some large bills posted up telling about the taxation we will have if we succeed in having prohibition. It makes me feel so angry whenever I see it. In the 'Messenger' we got yesterday, dated Sept. 30, there was a double page with pictures representing the terrible cost of the liquor traffic on the people. I cut out that page, underlined a sentence, and got up early this morning (Saturday), and pasted it up beside the bills. I hope no one will tear it down before it does some good.

If it had not been for one of the stories I read in a 'Messenger,' a long time ago, I do not think I would have done so.

Hoping you will think this worth printing, I remain your twelve year old reader,

WINNIE.

Dante, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Since I have seen so many letters in your valuable paper, (which I get at Sunday-school), I thought that I would write one myself.

I live in the country and like it very well. There is a church in which we have service, Sunday-school, and Epworth League. In a grove at Florence, which is about four miles from her, there is held a union Sunday-school picnic every year. Our Sunday-school attends it; about five thousand are generally present. Our League has taken up missionary work, and a number have pledged themselves to 'systematic giving,' There are about eight members in our League.

I went to day-school before the holidays, but I do not go now because I passed the 'public school leaving' at the annual examinations. Yours very truly,

JOHN L., aged 13.

Drayton, Ont.

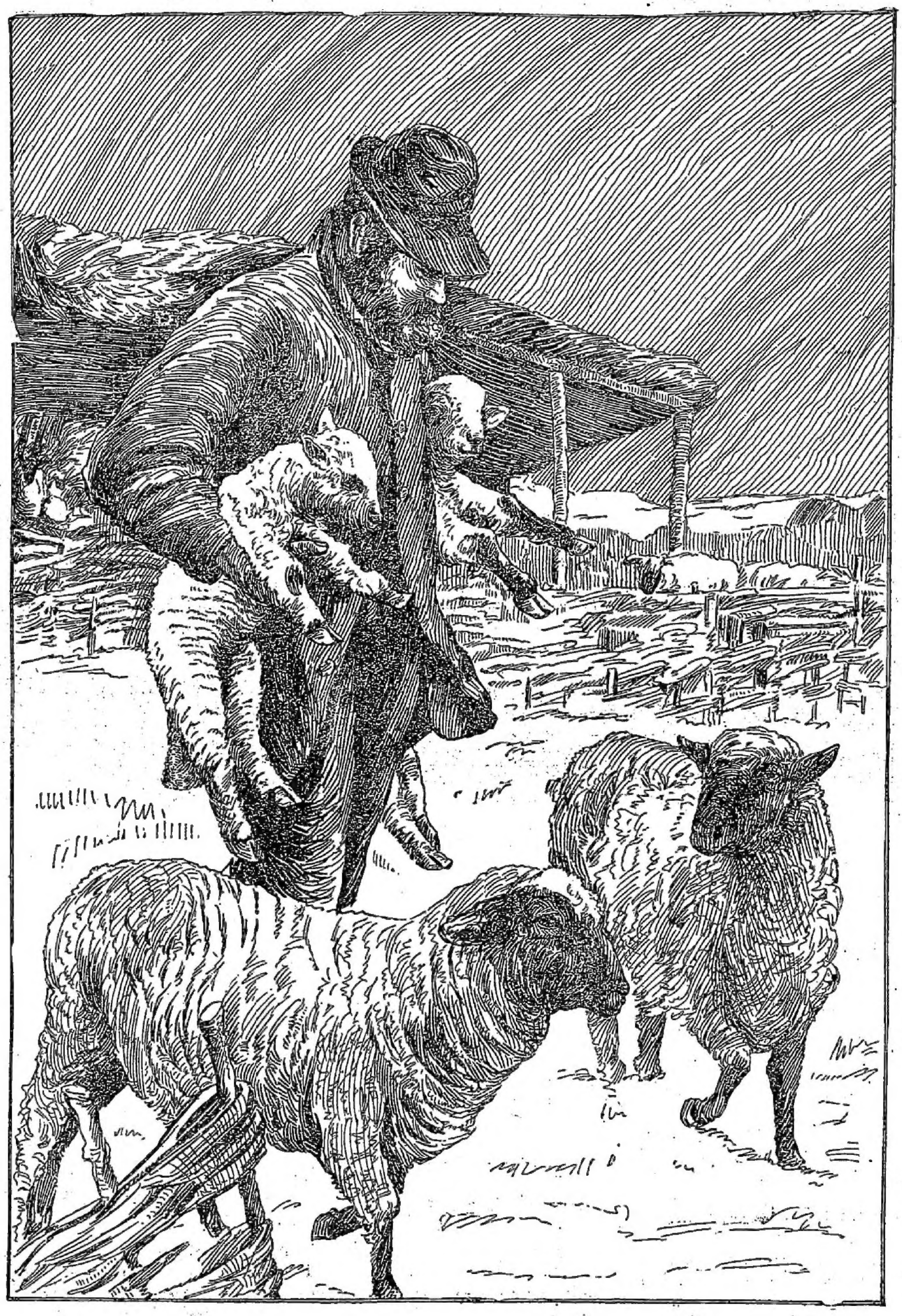
Dear Editor,—I live on a farm not very far from the village. Our school starts next Thursday; I passed into the third book before the holidays. I like going to school very much. We have a cat and a dog; they agree very nicely. I have five brothers and six sisters. One of my sisters is married and has two little boys. I have enjoyed my holidays very much, though I have not been away from home this summer. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' every Sunday; I like reading it very much. I am ten years old.

BELVA.

Waubaushene, Ont.

Dear Elitor,—I often read your letters from your correspondents, from so many different places, and would be pleased to write a few lines in the 'Messenger' also, as I have never seen a correspondent in it from this place. We have a large school here, which requires four teachers. I attend it and am in the fifth book. Our church is a union church and we have service in the morning and evening, and Sunday-school in the afternoon. I will conclude now. Your affectionate reader

ADELE.



THE SHEPHERD.

-From the 'Fireside.'

A Lesson from the Flowers.

(By Susie J. Dunn, in 'Onward.')

The day had been full of care,
Nothing had seemed to go right,
So when darkness dropped over the world,
I was tired and discouraged quite.

My spirit was out of tune
With the beauty and worth of life,
Nothing my aching heart could see,
But weariness, sadness, and strife.

By my side lay a bunch of flowers,
I had worn through the hours of care,
How faded now were the blossoms,
That in morning had been so fair.

'Poor flowers,' I murmured, 'you faded
With my bright hopes of the day,'
For through the morning hours,
I had been glad as they.

I lifted and placed in water
Those flowers with a sense of pain;
For I thought that even its coolness
Could not bring back their freshness again.

My hot tears fell on their petals,
I was sad for their beauty fled,
And sad for my hopes of the morning,
That now seemed crushed and dead.

I opened my eyes next morning;
The sun shone clear and bright,
And lingered upon the flowers
I had placed in the water at night.

And, lo! from its sparkling surface,
Each creamy blossom fair
Smiled back as bright as before—
They had passed through the hours of care.

Then they whispered to me a message,
In ... ls so sweet and plain,
'Go drink of the "Water of Life,"
And hope will come again.

'We drank of this water pure
Throughout the hours of night,
It lifted our drooping heads,
So for you will the "Fountain of Light."'

Again tears fell on their petals,
But they were not tears of pain,
I turned to the 'Living Fount,'
And bright hopes lived again.

When again I took up my work,
Its beauty and worth I could see,
And the blessing those flowers gave,
Will live through eternity.

Bessie's Strange Garden.

(By Lucy Randolph Fleming.)

Bessie was a flower-lover, and she wanted very much a little garden all her own. But her home was in the closely-built city, and the narrow little borders in the back-yard were hardly large enough for sister Nell's pansies and geraniums and a few rosebushes.

Nearly every day some one of the family would laugh at Bessie's continual sigh, 'I wish I had a garden;' but Aunt Deb never laughed; she was sorry for the little flower-lover. One morning she called Bessie to her room and said:

'Dearie, here's a nice long piece of hemming for you, and I have my embroidery. While we work let us talk about that garden you want so much.'

Bessie did not like to sew, but she was always ready for one of Aunt Deb's talks, so she took the crash towel and hemmed as nicely as she could, while they talked of sweet peas, sweet alyssum, and carnations, till Bessie said she could almost smell them. The little fingers grew tired, but she sewed on bravely to the end.

'Very nice indeed,' said Aunt Deb, looking over the work; 'such a good, strong plant to put in first of all in your garden.' Bessie wondered what she meant, but auntie was called down stairs before she could ask her.

The next day sister Nell and the big cousins went for a long drive. Bessie wanted to go too, but there was no room for her in the carriage. She watched the merry party drive away, looking longingly after them. Then she gathered the grey kitten in her arms and said,

'Come, Tiny, we'll have a good time at home.' And Aunt Deb looking from the window saw a very happy little girl under the stunted maple-tree in the back yard having a 'party.'

When Bessie came in sweet and smiling, auntie said with a mysterious air:

'I am so glad you have another fine plant for your garden.'

'But I haven't got any garden,' said Bessie.

'Oh, yes, you have, and I'll tell you where it is some time,' said auntie, laughing.

Bessie laughed and said auntie sounded like a real flower catalogue.

'Then when you wanted the ride and could not go, and made yourself happy at home with what you had, you planted a sweet root called Contentment, which is also a hardy perennial. And when you gave up your own pleasure to help mother and amuse Fred, you added a lovely plant called Unselfishness, which spreads and grows sweeter all the time.'

'Why, Aunt Deb,' cried Bess, with her eyes very bright and a spot of color in her cheeks, 'all those things were so little they ought not to have such nice long names. I didn't think anything about planting and sowing.'

'I know you didn't. And there is another thing about a garden. Not only must you sow, but you know there is a good deal of digging and weeding to be done. So, Bessie child, keep on with your planting, but don't forget to keep out ugly weeds which may choke out your flowers; and here is a little bible verse to keep in your mind when you think how beautiful you wish that heart-garden to be: "And thou shalt be like a watered garden."

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXII. — STILL MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.

1. Do tobacco users usually have sweet voices?

No, not after long use of the poison. Tobacco makes the tissues of the throat wither, and injures the vocal chords—the delicate strings of that beautiful instrument, the voice.

2. What is the result of this?

The voice becomes thick, husky, harsh or squeaky, losing its rich, musical tones.

3. Why do so many public speakers, clergymen and lawyers lose their voices?

Physicians who have studied the subject say that many of these cases of loss of voice are directly caused by the use of tobacco.

4. Do tobacco users have beautiful teeth?

No, indeed. Their teeth grow yellow and disgusting in appearance.

5. But does tobacco really harm the teeth?

Yes, it poisons the tissues of the mouth, and loosens the gums. Often tobacco chewers actually wear out their teeth, so that they project but a little way beyond the gums.

6. Does tobacco affect the sight?

Yes, it benumbs the nerves of sight, and sometimes really paralyzes them. It is said that Americans are becoming a 'spectacled nation,' like the Germans, largely because of their use of tobacco.

7. Do you know any facts showing the harm done in this way?

A man in New Hampshire chewed, smoked and snuffed tobacco. He became nearly blind, and sometimes was entirely deaf, with horrible ringing sounds in his head. He was persuaded to give up tobacco, and recovered both his sight and his hearing.

8. Are there many such cases?

Yes, a great many. A Boston medical paper says smokers must look to their eyes, for blindness, caused by paralysis of the nerves of sight, often occurs among smokers.

9. Why does not this occur among all smokers?

Some people are stronger than others, and can bear greater injury. But the fact that all these troubles may come should keep every boy and girl from the use of tobacco.

10. What do you know of the effects of tobacco poison upon those associated with smokers and chewers?.

It is very dangerous in its effects. Little children have been thoroughly poisoned and even killed by tobacco-using fathers, who smoked in their faces. And many women are said by physicians to have lost their health through constant living with tobacco-using husbands.

11. Have you ever heard of such a case?

Yes, there are many. A beautiful lady had become a suffering invalid, and her husband was in great grief that she must die. Finally a wise physician said to him, 'It is your tobacco that is killing your wife. Your 'breath, and the very house in which she lives are poison to her from this cause.' The man gave up his tobacco, and in a little his wife began to improve, and finally became quite well again.

12. But do not many good men use tobacco?

Yes, because they formed the habit without knowing its evil, and are now enslaved by it. But everyone would have been better, and purer, and healthier without it. And almost every bad man and bad boy uses it, and is made worse by it. It leads to other vices and to bad company, and is unfit for anybody who wishes to be pure and noble.

Hints to Teachers.

Many additional facts may be given to enforce this lesson. Dr. Wm. Dickinson says his observation of eye diseases for twenty-five years convinces him that blindness is very often caused by tobacco. An English surgeon says that of thirty-seven cases of paralysis of the optic nerve twenty-three were those of confirmed smokers. The influence on manners and morals is too constantly witnessed to need argument. The entire indifference of most tobacco-users to the discomfort they cause other people, is one of the marked features of our American life.

Giuseppe the Diligence Driver

It was on a lovely morning in October, 18—, that we took our places in the diligence for Genoa. The sky was clear and bright, and the picturesque Cornici road opened with surpassing beauty on our view as we proceeded on our way. The blue waters of the Mediterranean rolled beneath us, as the horses slowly wound their way along the precipitous road, and on the heights above stood the small Italian villages, the gilt spires of the churches towering high above the lowlier buildings clustering around. Several hours' travelling brought us to a pretty little seaside town, where we stopped to change horses, and when, after a short rest we proceeded on our journey, we perceived that we had also left our former coachman behind, and that our new driver seemed to guide his animals carelessly. Instead of the cheerful words of encouragement given to the horses by our previous conductor, with all the volubility of an Italian, our present guide preserved a dull silence, and on looking at him more closely we soon perceived that his faculties were deadened by the evil influences of strong drink. At first, as we have already said, he maintained a dull silence; but as we proceeded on our way he became more talkative, breaking out into snatches of song, and urging on his animals by an unsparing and needless use of the whip. We were then toiling up a steep ascent, and the weary horses were exerting their strength to the utmost; but the man continued to rain his blows fast and thick. Some of the passengers now began to look alarmed, and there was cause for fear. On gaining the top of the hill the driver seemed to grow more and more excited. Urging on his animals with voice and lash, he loosened his hold on the reins, and the heavy diligence dashed down the side of the mountain with frightful rapidity. On one side of the road rose the steep side of the hill, but on the other there was an almost perpendicular descent of several hundred feet. The diligence swayed from side to side of the road, and one of the passengers endeavored to take the reins from the hands of the intoxicated driver. This seemed to rouse the man to fury, and resisting the attempt successfully, he dashed on more and more wildly. It was a terrible moment for all, and the more so as, on approaching the base of the hill, we saw coming towards us, a large waggon drawn by two fine horses. and driven by a country farmer, who, seeing the terrific pace at which the diligence was approaching, attempted to draw up on one side as well as the narrowness of the road would permit him. It was, however, too late. The diligence dashed forward wildly as ever, and one of the wheels coming in close contact with that of the waggon, there was a sudden shock; the horses plunged and reared, the diligence trembled for a moment, and then fell heavily over on one side, precipitating the coachman and the outside passengers over the edge of the bank. Then ensued a scene of terrible confusion. The bank at this point fortunately was not so steep as before, and the only one who received fatal injuries in the fall was the driver, the author of the catastrophe, who fell heavily against a sharp ledge of rock, and was taken up insensible. He was found to have sustained severe internal injury, and died in a few days after great suffering. Several of the passengers were much hurt, and one in particular was carried to a neighboring inn, unable to move from the pain of a fractured limb.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the terrible fate of this poor man, and I shall relate a sketch of his history which was given me afterwards by the landlord of the village inn, where we spent that night. 'A finer lad than poor Giuseppe was a few years ago never breathed,' said our worthy host. 'He was well known along the Cornici for courage and skill in driving. His father owns a small albergo near the little town of B——, and he was in the habit of pressing Giuseppe to take a dram before starting just to keep up his spirits, as he said. At first he refused; but they laughed at him for it, and he gave in. Then it became a daily habit, and the taste for it increased. Not only at starting, but at every small inn by the roadside, where the diligence stopped, he drank again. However it did not injure his driving, and the saying was that Giuseppe could drive as well drunk as sober. About six months ago he became engaged to a pretty girl in our village. Her friends told her of his ways, but she, poverina! thought she could cure him of the habit. I must say he resisted all entreaties of his comrades to join them in their bad ways for a time, but alas! 'twas a sad day for him when the cholera came to our parts. Rosette was one of the first to die, and poor Giuseppe — he never was the same again. His good resolutions vanished, and he fell into worse habits than before. He managed still to keep his place as driver of the diligence, and until now no harm has come of it, but'—and here the landlord gave one of his expressive Italian gestures—'povero ragazzo; he has fallen a victim to himself.'

This sad story made a deep impression on us all, and, indeed, a gloom seemed to be cast over the whole village. In Italy, intemperance, and its fearful results, are by no means as common as in our own country, and the terrible fate of Giuseppe seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the simple Piedmontese. But how many victims have been yearly sacrificed to the demon of drunkenness in all ages and in all climes. Sad to say, our own beloved land is rife with such mournful instances, and we may truly and sorrowfully endorse the words of the wise man uttered long ago:—

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright:

'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'—(Prov, xxiii., 31, 32.)—'League Journal.'

What a Teacher Saw Behind a Bush.

A teacher of a third year primary class was on her way to school. She was thinking about a physiology lesson on pure air and breathing, she was to teach that morning. Near a clump of bushes by the side of the street she smelled a strong kind of smoke. Going round to see what made that smoke, she saw there two boys who belonged to her class. Each had something round, not very long, wrapped in paper, in his mouth. It was burning at the end,and he was drawing in the smoke and puffing it out again at every breath. The teacher looked very sorry, but only said, 'Good morning, boys. It is almost school-time, so please throw away those things you are smoking and walk with me to school.'

That morning, in the physiology lesson, these boys were dull. They did not give good attention, The teacher taught the class what might happen to any one who smokes as those boys were doing behind that bush. 'Can you tell me what you suppose they were smoking?' The chances are that the right answer will be given, Cigarettes. If the question is next asked:

'What are the cigarettes made of?' the right answer will doubtless be given. The class should be questioned and helped in expression, until they understand the following, which should be put on the board as memory gems:

1. Cigarettes are made of tobacco.
2. There is a bad poison in tobacco smoke called nicotine.
3. The boy who smokes cigarettes gets some of this poisonous nicotine.
4. Cigarettes will make a boy sick when he first begins to smoke them.
5. When a boy smokes cigarettes, they make him dull and stupid, The smoke may make his throat sore and hurt his lungs.
6. Tobacco smoke makes the air impure. We should avoid places where smokers have filled the air with their tobacco smoke.

At this point the class may be asked to tell why the boys who smoked behind the bush were dull and did not give attention.

The earnest teacher, who knows far better than it is possible to explain, how to show the children of the third grade, the great harm and danger which may result from an early use of tobacco in any form, will put heart and skill into this part of the lesson, to prevent the formation of the destructive cigarette habit in the pupils under her care. The knowledge on this topic obtained in this grade will determine, in the case of many of them, whether or not they are to grow up entirely free from the use of tobacco. — 'School Physiology Journal.'

Mother says that neither she nor her daughter shall ever offer wine to any young man under her roof.—Louisa M. Alcott.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 16.

The Temple Repaired.

II. Chron., xxiv., 4-13. Memory verses 9-11.

Golden Text.

'And the men did the work faithfully.'—II. Chron. xxxiv., 12.

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings xi., 1-21. — Jehoash anointed king.
T. II. Chron. xxiv., 1-14.—The temple repaired.
W. II. Kings xii., 1-21.—Jehoash's reign and death.
T. II. Chron. xxxiv., 1-13.—The temple repaired by Josiah.
F. Psa. lxxxiv., 1-12.—'How amiable are thy tabernacles.'
S. I. Cor. iii., 1-23.—'The temple of God is holy.'
S. Psa. lxviii., 1-35.—'Because of thy temple at Jerusalem.'

Lesson Story.

Jehoshaphat, whose good reign we studied last week, had made a great mistake in making an alliance with Ahab, the wicked king of Israel. He had taken Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, to be the wife of his son Jehoram.

This wicked woman so influenced her husband and sons as to bring great disgrace and misery to Judah; she was a heathen and encouraged all sorts of idolatry and sin. When her son Ahaziah was killed after one year's reign, she usurped the throne herself, and made an effort to destroy all the remaining members of the royal family. But the sister of Ahaziah rescued his infant son Joash and hid him and his nurse from the infuriated Athaliah. Now this aunt of Joash was the wife of the high-priest Jehoiada. When Joash was seven years old Jehoiada called together the people, and anointing the little king before them, made a covenant between them and their king and their God. Then the people slew Athaliah and the priest of the awful Baal-worship. And the people rejoiced and the land had peace.

The glorious temple which Solomon had built to the Lord had fallen out of repair in the years of carelessness and idolatry. Joash made up his mind to repair the temple and reorganize the service, so he commanded the priests and Levites to go through the country collecting money for the house of God. But they did not make any effort to do so. Perhaps the people did not care to give unless they could see just where their money went, so the king had a chest made with a slit in the cover, and this collection box was placed at the gate of the house of the Lord. A proclamation was made through Judah and Jerusalem that everyone should bring in their money for repairing the temple, as God had commanded Moses in the wilderness.

Then the people gladly brought their offerings and put them in the chest of the Lord's treasury. Each time the chest was filled the officers of the king and high-priest emptied it and counted the money carefully and paid it out honestly to the workmen. When the work was all done, the gold and silver that was left was made into vessels and dishes for the temple service. And the temple service was well kept up as long as the high-priest Jehoiada was alive.

But after the death of Jehoiada the idolatrous princes of the land came to make friends with the king by flattery and led him into all sorts of wickedness. And when Zechariah the high-priest, and son of Jehoiada, rebuked the infamous idolatry, the king commanded the people to stone him at the altar of God. This base act was never forgotten by the people. (Matt. xxiii., 35.)

Lesson Hints.

'Joash'—the tenth in descent from David, also the great-grandson of Jehoshaphat. He began life well, and as long as his uncle the high-priest, lived and counselled him, he was foremost in all good works. But his was a weak character, doing always those things that seemed easiest. It was easiest to be good while under the influence of the strict high-priest, but when this influence was removed the weak-minded king was perfectly open to evil influences and went further in serving the devil than he had tried to go to please the Lord. Evil companions and a weak will were his ruin.

'House of the Lord'—the temple built by Solomon. (II. Chron. vi., 2.)

'Levites hastened it not'—the temple had been so long out of repair that they had probably quite lost heart about it, and found it difficult to collect anything from the people. The people may also have lost faith in their priests and may not have trusted them to use the money rightly.

'Collection according to the commandment'—'They shall give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord, , , , , an half-shekel shall be the offering of the Lord. . . . The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less. . . Thou shalt take the atonement money of the children of Israel and shalt appoint it for the service of the tabernacle of the congregation.' (Ex. xxx., 12-16.) This was the law of God, but it had been discarded for so long that the people were greatly in debt to the house of God. This poll-tax of half a shekel was equal to thirty-three cents a year.

'Athaliah' — a fierce heathen princess, daughter of Ahab and Jezebel.

'Broken up the house of God'—to build the house of Baal, robbing God to pay the devil's bills. 'If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.' (I. Cor. iii., 17.)

'A chest'—locked, but with a hole bored in the lid for the silver to be dropped in.

'The people rejoiced'—they 'offered willingly,' as at the time of the building of the temple (I. Chron. xxix., 9.) Great blessings followed this glad giving. (Mal. iii., 8-10.)

Questions.

1. Whose son was Joash?
2. Who was his great-grandfather?
3. What age was Joash when he was crowned?
4. Who was his guardian and chief councillor?
5. What great work did he do for God?
6. Have you any duty to God's temple? (I. Cor., iii., 16, 17.)

Suggested Hymns.

'All for Jesus,' 'I gave My life for thee,' 'Loyalty to Christ,' 'There's a wideness in God's mercy,' 'Throw out the life-line,' 'O worship the King.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

He that loves God will love his temple also. Verse 1.

Money is well invested when used to beautify the house of God, and make it attractive. Verses 4, 5.

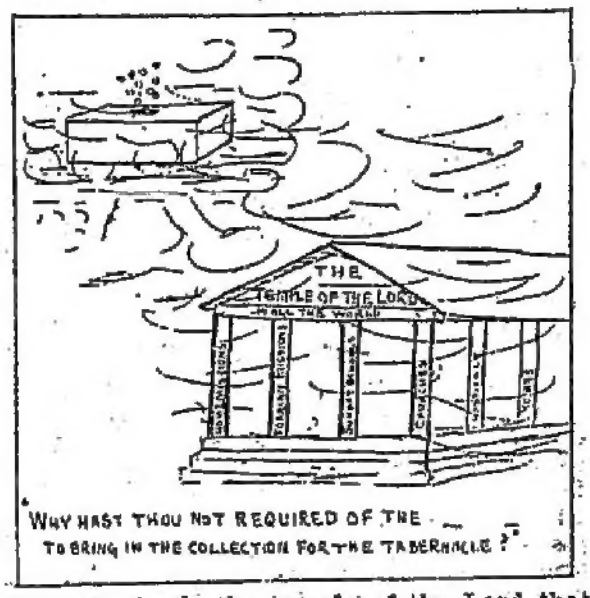
Wherever Satan enters he would tear down everything that reminds him of his conqueror. Verses 6, 7.

The cheerful giver experiences a joy to which every miser is a stranger. Verses 8-10; also II. Cor. ix., 7.

In the reign of Joash the people gave freely of their means to repair the temple. They did not need to be allured by tea-meetings, concerts or popular lectures. Verses 11-13.

Lesson Illustrated.

This gives us a picture of coins dropping into the Lord's treasury, and dimly seen



through clouds the temple of the Lord that is built up by these gifts. Just as the gifts in Hezekiah's day built up a temple that men could see so our gifts now build up a temple of the Lord, visible to him in all its glory but not yet to be fully seen by us.

Our missionary contributions pass into the Lord's treasury through our various societies and we see little more of them. But away in Africa or Asia, or the Islands of the Sea, the fruits they bring forth are added as living stones to the great temple of the Church of God. What is your Sunday-school doing to build up this temple to the glory of God? You buy your own papers and that takes all you get. Well, you ought to be ashamed. Superintendent, teacher, to paraphrase Hezekiah, Why hast thou not required of the ——— Sunday-school to bring in the collection for the tabernacle ?' It is more blessed to give than to receive. Wake up, arise from your selfishness and try it.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Oct. 16.—Our society work, and how to better it.—Judges vii., 1-8: xix., 22.

Use Illustrations.

A teacher should be able to find and use illustrations. In attempting to teach a class something they do not grasp, the instant you show them that what you are trying to get them to understand is just like something they are perfectly familiar with, they will comprehend your meaning. Christ, our Model Teacher, made the people understand divine truth in this way.

An excellent authority on this subject says: 'Keep your eyes open for every grand and beautiful sight. Keep your ears acute for all sweet harmonies. Have your heart in sympathy with every heavenly thought. Read, study, observe, be wide-awake, be thoroughly in love with all truth and all souls; then when you come to teach a thousand likes will rush to your lips, and you and your class will not only be in full sympathy, but you will see truth alike.'

Illustrations can be gathered from nature and from literature. The teacher must, however put himself to the task of gathering them. For those from nature there must be keenness of vision and alertness of hearing. The soul must be in constant communion with nature as a means of that higher communion with the God of nature. Literature offers us the choicest gems with which to beautify and illustrate the things of God. These gems are sure to be found by the studious teacher. They can be gathered from the productions of the past or from current literature. Only the very best from these sources should be used for this purpose. We have heard illustrations in the pulpit and in the Sunday-school class that were very much out of harmony with the occasion as well as the subject they were to illustrate. Use your illustrations as windows through which the truth may have an opportunity to shine. Truth is to be made clearer and plainer through this medium. Never yield to the temptation of using an illustration for any other purpose than that of aiding your scholars in understanding and obeying the word of God. — 'Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.'

To make Sunday-school rooms as pleasant as possible will aid in holding young people in the school. Often this is not done. We are created with a love for the beautiful. Other things being equal we naturally choose those things that are most pleasing to the eye. The enemies of Christ spare neither time nor money to make their places of amusement attractive. Unless young people are held by a more potent influence they will resort to more inviting places. Paper, paint, and varnish will make a cheerful room at small cost, and flowers will brighten the most gloomy abode without any outlay of money. The Jews beautified first their temple, afterwards their homes. We need to reverse the present order of things, and be as careful for the appearance of our churches as we are for our homes. — Mrs. D. M. Hopkins.

The Sunday-school teacher who neglects to pray over the lesson he expects to teach, neglects one of the most important requisites for understanding the lesson and for teaching it to the class.

HOUSEHOLD.

Training of Children.

(By Mary C. Stetson.)

A great many mothers are worried and anxious about the wrong things; they are annoyed by earth-stains which a little patience and water will take away. If Jennie or Tom comes in covered with mud there is a great outcry, when really that should not be an unexpected event.

I wouldn't give much for the energy of a child who couldn't soil a dress; but—let me whisper it—what is a real cause for anxiety is a little deceit, a little lie, a little moral contamination of any kind. Mothers should rejoice that there is a time when all impurities are outward and can be washed away with pure water, and pray that they may never see a time when all their tears will fail to purify a soul. Since girls, as a class, are not physically so strong as their brothers, they are shielded in childhood by greater care, and the habit grows. It has really come to be a tradition that girls should be taken care of, but boys can take care of themselves.

The educated woman does not so much believe in traditions. She will study her children and their needs, as though they were the first beautiful experiment on earth. She will begin early, and not turn away her boy when the new baby comes. When she is able she will leave the infant, whose wants are only physical, and take her little boy up to bed, hear his little prayer, and sympathize a moment with his sorrows and joys. She will greatly desire that a feeling of dependence on her love and advice be kept alive, because she knows that if she sends her boy away from her when he is little, he will be beyond her call when he is grown.

I know the ordinary boy makes his presence felt. I have myself found turtles in unexpected places. I have been also obliged to serve fruit on a plate, because all the glass fruit-dishes were filled with little fishes from the river. I know too that one boy can furnish noise enough for his family, and also for the neighbors; but you remember what Burdette said about that: 'Let the boy go away and you may hire a brass band to fill the dreadful silence of your home; it cannot be overcome.' One tradition, the best followed, is to keep the girls in evenings, unless some one goes to take care of them; but it won't hurt a boy any to go alone. Why? Because he is a boy.'

'But can't a boy have any fun?' he asks. Certainly; this is one of the important elements of his life. Let his father go with him to legitimate places of amusement; if that is impossible, let his mother go. His mother? Such a motley crowd is hardly the place for a lady. Perhaps it is time that the presence of a true lady along with her sons is felt in such crowds. Are you going to send your beautiful boy where you would rather not be seen yourself? If you desire a pure strong, manhood for your son, the foundations must be laid for it. He should be taught to have the same high standard of morals that you teach to your girls. A boy yearns for sympathy and interest as much as his sister; he needs the ties of affection more. The worst boy I ever knew, when he was lying on his death-bed, sent for a neighbor and asked if she would not sing to him, as she sang to her own children, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me.'—'Woman's Home Journal.'

Family Government.

If one is bound to ruin his children, the choice should be to do it by kindness, rather than by brutality; but there is not the least need of hanging on either horn of this dilemma. Let every mortal child that is brought into this world be taught to obey its parents; let it be taught this while it is a little child, not humored and petted to death then, and taught hundreds of tricks which it must afterwards be beaten to be broken of. If you can teach your child obedience without whipping him, so much the better; don't whip such a child, it is cruelty; but if he won't fear nor obey without stripes, lay them on; but don't be looking and speaking blows at him for a week afterwards. While gentle, respectful and obedient children are the sweetest things on earth, there are few things more disagreeable and repulsive, than badly managed and unruly children. No one can endure them, and their parents are justly despised.

Once get that central idea of unqualified obedience well grounded in your family, and your government stands firm. You need not all the time be laying on commands. Do not fetter your children; within certain limits leave them free; teach them that their rights will be just as much respected as your own are; let them never have reason to doubt that you love them dearly, and that you punish them not for your own pleasure, or because you are angry and can safely vent your passion upon them, but for their good.

Children are clear-sighted and quick-feeling. They know well enough what feelings are apparent in the minds of those who correct them, and there is no possibility of beating a child when you yourself are angry, or when you don't care for the pain you inflict, without doing him an injury. If parents would spare some of their threats and then perform what they promise, they would find the benefit of it.

'You put your foot out of doors, and I'll whip you as sure as you live,' says a mother to her little girl. Pretty soon she sees Miss Lot out on the grass plot. Out she flies and jerks the baby in with——

'What did I tell you? Aren't you going to mind me? Now go out there again if you think it's your best way.'

Baby does think it her best way, for out she goes again, as soon as her mother's back is turned. After a time the long-promised whipping comes, but baby is very much astonished at it. She had no idea that mamma really meant to do as she said. She had heard such threats too many times when, like many a low-rumbling thunder-cloud, they had passed harmless by.

It is a pity that mothers will teach lessons of falsehood to their dear children; but such a course as this does it. Make your offspring believe thoroughly in you; and it is a long step, and a sure one, toward their belief in God.—New York 'Ledger.'

The Bible in Character Building.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

Three little children were playing quietly about the room, with scattered toys and a look of contentment, about them as they pursued their several plays, which spoke well for the loving care bestowed upon them.

'You are a happy mother,' said a friend, as she gazed upon the scene of love and purity. 'I might almost say,' continued the speaker, 'that you are a model mother, judging by the contentment I see pictured upon those infant faces. Might I ask what method or system you are using in their training?'

The young mother's face flushed as she answered, 'I am using the bible in character building.'

'Indeed; and how do you apply it to the individual lives of these children?'

'First of all,' continued the young mother, the happy light in her eyes deepening, 'I strive prayerfully to model my own character according to the word of God. My conduct must be strong, noble and beautiful, or I cannot train and instruct others therein. If I am not true to the best that is in me, I cannot teach the truth to even these children, they are so quick to discern the true from the false.'

'Ah, I see, you take scriptural truth home to be wrought into your very soul, and then, pondering and praying over it, strive to teach it to others. But these children are so young, Anna; why, Horace has barely turned six years.' 'Yet he has passed beyond the primer of religious knowledge, and his young mind is eager to know about the great and beautiful world created by God. He knows that sorrow came into the world because of sin; and is very careful lest he should grieve the tender, loving heart of God, in this respect. I have told him much of the glorious things beyond, and he is more and more eager to go on to learn them.'

'And little Anna there, what does she know?'

'Oh, the wee one loves God with all her baby heart. We talk about moral and physical training for the young, and often deplore the lack of it; but, dear friend, the bible in character building is the book upon which to found all true living. When the word of Christ once gets into the heart to dwell there, it transforms, but it must be through intelligent study and thought. These young souls now can be moulded into his image before the touch of the world has polluted them.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Household Sanitation.

Where does household sanitation begin? asks Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, in the 'American Kitchen Magazine,' for December. In the cellar, or in the attic? In the front dooryard, or in the family well? It begins in the mind of the woman who is mistress of the house. She may be the wife of a laboring man, or she may have had what we call higher education, and know all about the strata of the rocks from the Alps to the Rocky Mountains, and yet not be aware that her house stands on a site so damp that it keeps the inmates in a bath of invisible vapor that is steadily sapping their vital forces, or that there may be an accumulation of vegetable debris in the cellar, that is breeding millions of microbes every hour, and sending them up through every crack and cranny, to prey upon their human victims. You say it is the man's business to take care of all that. It may be his duty to hire a man to lay a drain, or to clean out the cellar, but the woman must spur him on to do his duty, for it is she who stays at home, and must bear those ill effects perpetually.

If you do not believe that these vapors and emanations can rise through floors and walls and carpets, open a bottle of ether or boil a few onions in your cellar, and then go to your attic. Your sense of smell will convince you.

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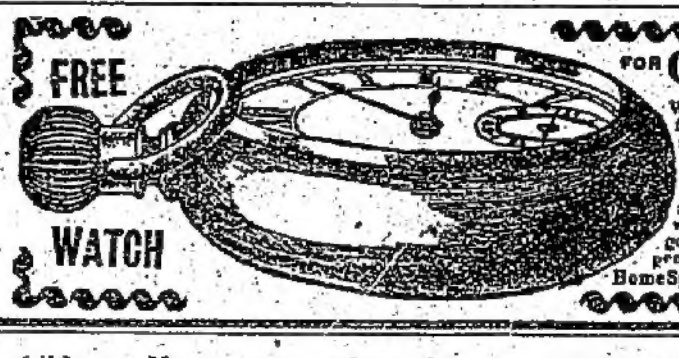

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